

MRS. ANGLE IN TEARS AT BLOOD STAINED WAIST

Accused Woman Breaks
Down as Prosecutor Dis-
plays Garment for Jury.

LOVE AFFAIR WITH BALLOU REVEALED

Patrolman Who Found Body
Tells of Scene in Her Home
That Followed.

By EMMA HUGREE.

Bridgeport, Conn., March 10.—Mrs. Helen M. Angle broke down and cried this afternoon at sight of the blood-stained garments which were found in her room soon after the death of Waldo R. Ballou. This is the first time the woman who is accused of murder has shown any emotion in the courtroom.

For five days she has sat in a sort of catatonic state with no reference to the details of the tragedy could startle her.

She wept silently while District Attorney Cummings displayed to the jury a white shirtwaist and a black skirt, covered with blood stains. In a few moments she recovered her composure and was able to smile at her father, who bent over her solicitously.

The stain on the waist was mostly about the neck, from the middle of the right side to the back.

"That is about the position where blood stains would be from a person carried in the arms, is it not?" asked Nicholas N. Downs, Mrs. Angle's chief counsel.

Mr. Cummings objected, and the court sustained him. However, the remark served to recall the fact obtained during the medical examinations last week that the flow of blood from Ballou's fractured skull had been from the right ear.

"Trail of Blood" Found.

Patrolman James A. McMahon was the chief witness of the day. He told the first complete story of how the body was found on the sidewalk of the Rippowam Building, in Stamford, on the night of June 22, and how the notice followed the trail of blood to Mrs. Angle's apartment on the third floor.

McMahon testified that he left Police Headquarters at about ten minutes after 11, and that he must have been about ten minutes later that he saw the body lying on the sidewalk. It had the "death stare" in its eyes, but there was a faint pulse. He and three other men accompanied the dying man in the police ambulance to the hospital. Then they went back to the Rippowam Building to look for Mr. Ballou's hat. They did not find it on the sidewalk. When they opened the door they found the bloody print of bare feet in the vestibule. They phoned to Chief of Police Brennan, and when he arrived they followed the trail upstairs to the third floor.

In the back hall they found a blood-stained cloth still wet on the window sill. Mrs. Angle let them in her apartment. Chief Brennan talked to her in the front room, while the men searched the flat. They found the skirt and waist on the back of a rocking chair.

"Did you hear any of the conversation between Chief Brennan and Mrs. Angle?" asked Mr. Cummings.

"I heard Mrs. Angle say Mr. Ballou was a good friend of hers, and I heard her inquire how badly injured he was," said the witness.

In cross-examination Judge Downs inquired: "Didn't Mrs. Angle say, 'Call up the hospital and Mr. Ballou will tell you I didn't do anything to him'?"

"Yes, that was it."

Woman at the Window.

McMahon also testified that he had seen a woman looking out of the front window. When she saw him looking up at the house she dropped back. There was no light in the hall. The party made their way upstairs by the light of a pocket flashlight.

Mrs. Angle's composure was strained in the morning by the story of her love affair as told by Ballou's friend Edwin Paul Guernsey. She pressed her lips tight together, and clenched her arms of her chair, but did not lose her stolid self-control. Mr. Guernsey revealed the fact that he had asked Mrs. Angle why she did not marry the old man and put him out of his misery. She said she had seen too much unhappiness caused by marriages of people who had grown up children.

"Did you have any conversation with Mrs. Angle after her arrest?"

"Yes, the day she was released on bail she called me up at 7 o'clock in the morning on the telephone and asked if I knew who it was. I said: 'Yes, it is Mrs. Angle.' Then she asked: 'Do you think I killed Waldo?'

I said: 'I don't know whether you did or not, but I don't like the idea of your putting him on the street to die like a dog.' She said: 'I wish I had called you up or telephoned the police.'"

The state will probably finish its case to-morrow. Mrs. Angle will be the first witness for the defense.

SHOOTS GIRL WIFE,
THEN KILLS SELF

Husband Fires on Bride
After His Plea to Make
Up—She May Recover.

"He was insanely jealous of me, and for no cause whatever," was the only reason given by Mrs. May Brown, a bride of three months, who was shot by her husband yesterday afternoon.

William Brown, aged thirty, a brickman on the New York Central, married the girl last December in spite of the objection of her father, John Dunn, a former patrolman, of 540 Fifth Street, Brooklyn. Father O'Connor married the couple in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn.

The shooting took place after what seemed to be a reconciliation. The husband went to his room in a boarding house at 107 West Sixty-third Street shortly after 5 yesterday afternoon. According to his wife's story, he was pent for accusing her last Saturday and said, "Now, listen; we'll start all over again and be happy."

About ten minutes after this Lewis A. Harmon, another tenant in the house, heard three shots and rushed to the room. He found Mrs. Brown lying on the floor, and he found her husband standing over her, firing a revolver. Mrs. Brown was lying on her back, and her husband was standing over her, firing a revolver. Mrs. Brown was lying on her back, and her husband was standing over her, firing a revolver.

On the Sunday night before the wedding, May Dunn spent the day at the Brown home, and when William Brown took her to her own home late that evening, it is said, her father refused to allow her in the house. She was compelled to spend the night with Brown's sister, and the next morning Brown's father-in-law decided to stick by her husband rather than take Mrs. Brown's advice to go home to her own people.

Mrs. Brown had confided in Mrs. Ellen Moran, the keeper of the boarding house, that Brown had accused her, but that she had decided to stick by her husband rather than take Mrs. Moran's advice to go home to her own people.

Mineola buzzed yesterday with a rumor that Mrs. Florence Carman would be retried for the murder of Mrs. Lulu Bailey at an extraordinary session of the Nassau County Supreme Court in May.

Since the disagreement of the jury which tried her, her attorney, George M. Levy, of Freeport, and District Attorney Lewis J. Smith have been waiting each for the other to make the first move. What foundation the report of new proceedings may have could not be discovered.

J. P. Brown, Commissioner of Jurors, was said to be busy going over a jury list, but he would not confirm the rumor that he was at work on a panel for a new Carman trial.

District Attorney Smith and Mr. Levy would make no statement of any sort.

Samuel C. Ransom, the Deputy County Clerk, who acts as clerk in the Supreme Court, said he knew nothing of an extraordinary term of the court, but added that he would probably not know if it had been decided to hold one.

Mrs. Carman, it was said, is eager to go before another jury, which, she firmly believes, cannot fail to acquit her.

PASTOR IS ARRESTED

Father of 18-Year-Old Girl
Accuses Baptist Preacher.

The Rev. Walter G. Jones, pastor of the North Baptist Church, of Jersey City, was arrested last evening on a charge made by James Shroppe, a conductor of the South Plainedfield, in behalf of his daughter, Laura Shroppe, eighteen, a former maid in the clergyman's household.

Mr. Jones is married and has one daughter, aged twelve, who is now in Florida. The Shroppe girl was employed at the personage, 289 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City, until December, when, it is alleged, the attack took place.

The clergyman has been in Jersey City for a year, and has held pastorate at Bayonne and Scranton.

T. R. Hunts Hyphens and Hoboes;
Beams on Babies; Cheers Charity

Colonel Makes a Whirlwind
Tour, Inspecting Work
of Mayor's Committee—
Says Americanism Can't
Have Foreign Prefix—
He Would Segregate all
Who Refuse to Work.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt yesterday morning delivered ten impromptu addresses from tables, chairs, plat-forms and other vantage points, greeted numerous veterans of the Spanish War, condemned hyphenated Americanism, praised the undying glory of our country, favored the segregation of hobo and won't-work, urged the national consideration of the unemployed problem and lectured to the newspaper men upon the conditions confronting the work of the Mayor's committee on unemployment, which, he said, needs \$80,000 to carry on its work.

During the rest of the period, from 9:30 to 1:30 o'clock, he inspected the various work stations established by the committee, chatted with the workers and superintendents, posed for a dozen pictures, interpreted every phase of the situation for the reporters and led a flying squadron of automobiles, bearing Elbert H. Gary, Henry Bruere, W. H. Childs, Mrs. James Speyer and Miss Charlotte Boyd, through a majority of the streets of Manhattan.

An auxiliary fleet of taxis, loaded with photographers and "movie" men, followed the building, the original Colonel, who touched 14th Street at the northernmost limit of his tour and penetrated as far south as Mott Street, with eight intermediary stops.

Not Equally Progressive.

The actual distance covered is not known, but the taxicab clocks varied from \$18 to \$24 in their estimate when a final halt was called.

The expedition started from Mr. Gary's residence, 850 Fifth Avenue, and bore north to the Y. M. C. A. Building, at 524 East 10th Street, where the first stop was made to inspect the 229 men working there at bandage making. Here friends and workers after introductions crowded about the Colonel, made no difference who they were, all got a welcome of high pressure cordiality.

"You will soon be in the White House again," prophesied Charles R. Steuer, editor of The North Side News, and being present, Colonel Roosevelt beamed, but made no reply. Presently he plunged into the throng and produced Police Captain

Frank Burke, whom he hailed as "an American without the hyphen."

"I have known Burke since my time as Police Commissioner," he announced. "I induced him to go into the force, and two months afterward I raised him to roundman for closing up King Callahan's saloon. Then, when the war broke out, Burke took a six months' vacation from police duty to serve as a gun captain on the Hiss. Burke is American all through; there is no hyphen about him."

"And we love our country, don't we?" prompted the delighted captain.

"You bet we do, and we'll always stand by her and fight for her, too!" Colonel Roosevelt explained joyously.

Among the down and outers who were rolling bandages for 10 cents an hour the eagle eye of the Colonel detected another old comrade in arms. This was Daniel Vail, late of the 119th New York Volunteers, who grinned ecstatically on being presented. Violent applause greeted Colonel Roosevelt's entry to the workroom here, as on each other visit he paid.

Preaching Patriotism.

After changing a battery of "movie" men, who had taken up a strong position outside the building, the original Bull Moose climbed back into Mr. Gary's car, and the squadron proceeded under forced draft to St. Philip's Church, where 225 negroes, under the supervision of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes, were employed making bandages and canaling chairs for Tuskegee.

At the docks and ferries Building, Fifty-sixth Street and North River, where 550 men were working, Colonel Roosevelt climbed upon a table and delivered the following:

"I am glad to be here, and I am also glad to see you helping those who need help. I am glad myself to have a part in the work of helping those in the hospitals here and abroad. I am glad to see you working under the American flag, the only flag which any one here has a right to give allegiance to. No American has a right to give allegiance to any other."

John Tighe, a veteran of Company E, 71st New York Volunteers, who also served eight years in the navy, approached the Colonel here and asked that he use his influence to get him a job. The ex-President promised that he would do his best for a comrade of the Spanish War, and the party then journeyed to 418 Lafayette Street and thence to 256 Mott Street, where 400 women were at work.

Here Colonel Roosevelt inquired of Miss Charlotte Hootch, the superintendent, if all of the workers had children. He was evidently delighted when informed that most of them were mothers.

Colonel Bars Fakes.

The University Settlement, at 184 Eldridge Street, and the College Settlement, at 85 First Street, were visited next, and the party then proceeded to the workrooms of the Children's Aid Society, at 164 Hester Street, where 200 women were employed and a day nursery maintained for their children.

At the Salvation Army Headquarters, 122 West Fourteenth Street, the women and girls employed at part time heard a Roosevelt speech from the platform, where the Colonel wedged himself in between a dozen sewing machines, which were stopped while he spoke, and the footlights.

He then retired to one of the board rooms, where he lectured to the newspaper men upon the needs of the kind of work which they had seen.

"You have seen a girl of sixteen whose father has deserted his family, and whose mother, with two smaller children, depends upon the money she gets here," he pointed out. "You have seen 200 Italian women working in the nursery. You have seen multitudes of self-respecting men who, through no fault of their own, have been thrown out of employment."

"The fund of the Mayor's committee are about exhausted, and it must have \$80,000 more to continue its work until April 1. I hope that you will make all good people realize what is being done for the unemployed."

Would Segregate Hoboes.

"In some philanthropies it takes 93 cents' expenditure to get 7 cents to the sufferer. In this work, out of every dollar it takes 17 cents to provide material—7 cents to feed the worker and 5 cents for other overhead charges. All the rest goes directly into the pocket of the person for which it was intended."

The Colonel then spoke of the necessity for national consideration of the unemployed problem.

"The professional hobo, the gentleman who is permanently a hobo, is a disgrace. In this work, out of every dollar it takes 17 cents to provide material—7 cents to feed the worker and 5 cents for other overhead charges. All the rest goes directly into the pocket of the person for which it was intended."

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